FOUND A FORTUNE.

How an Illinois Coal Miner Discovered a Chest Full of Gold.

Galena (Ill.) Special.

A story, equal in point of interest to that of the treasure cave in Dumas's famous romance of the "Count of Monte Cristo," or of the valley of diamonds discovered by Sinbad, the Sailor, as given in the "Arabian Nights" tale, is related by a man named Alexander Stanhope, who arrived in this county two weeks ago, after an absence of thirty-one years, devoted entirely to travel, which has taken him to every part of the habitable globe. He has crossed the Atlantic forty-three times, made thirteen trips up the Mediterranean, a dozen or more voyages across the Pacific from China to San Francisco, and visited every portion of South America as many times over as he has fingers and thumbs on both hands.

The past five years Stanhope has devoted to travel in the United States, particularly that portion between the Pacific coast and the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. He is fifty-nine years of age, bronzed and athletic in appearance, his six feet and two inches of stature, marked muscular development and erect carriage, combined with a genial handsome countenance, lit up by a pair of keen gray eyes, and surmounted by a head of silken brown hair, making him a distinguished figure among his fellowmen. Of course, it has taken a large amount of money to indulge Stanhope's propensity for sight-seeing and adventure, and as he was known to be a poor young man during his residence in the Galena lead mines in early times, the story as to how he obtained the means to defray his expenses, forms a chapter of seeming romance which the incredulous will be slow in believing, but which is nevertheless true in all its details, judging from the apparent perfect candor of the hero himself, whose interesting narrative, as related for the first time to a Globe-Democrat reporter, is as follows:

"I came to Galena in 1847, having emigrated to this country in that year from Truro, England, after the death of both my parents and all my near relatives. Like many other foreigners who settled here, I embarked in the business of mining, and alone, with nothing but pick and gad, began the exploration of a natural drift at the foot of the precipitous bluff now known as New California, in this (Jo Daviess) county. After working industriously for two weeks, during which period the drift became wider and wider, I suddenly broke into a large cave, the vaulted roof of which was decorated with stalactite and spar, the latter glistening in the light of my solitary miner's lamp like a million diamonds. Struck with awe at the sight before me, I could but peer with wondering and strained eyes into and about the cavern, the full dimensions of which I was unable to estimate on account of the imperfect light shed by my lamp. While standing, spell-bound, at the mouth of the cave I noticed, a short distance to the right, inside the cavern, a shelving of rock, jutting out probably three feet from the wall and about breast high from the floor, upon the top of which rested what proved to be, on examination, a large iron-bound chest of oak, the lid of which was secured by a curiously-shaped padlock of brass. With the aid of my pick and gad I broke open the chest, and to my utter amazement I found it to be filled to the top with Spanish doubloons, bearing the date of 1526. Overjoyed, naturally, at the discovery, I fell to speculating upon how to remove the gold, and gave but little thought as to the phenomenal circumstance of its being there. On leaving Galena for New California I had purchased a good-sized, strongly-built skiff, in which to transport my tools, provisions and other mining outfit to that place, which is accessible all the way by water.

Without lengthy forethought I decided to transfer the treasure to my boat, and, as soon as that was accomplished, to set out for New Orleans, where I could advantageously dispose of it. I began, accordingly, with great expeditiousness lest I should be disturbed by inquisitive new-comers, to carry the plan into execution, and succeeded that night in conveying the gold to my skiff, where I deposited it safely in two strong lockers which formed the seats in the forward and stern ends of the boat. On the following morning, after effectually banking up the mouth of the drift, I set out upon my lengthy voyage, which I accomplished in exactly three weeks, with but few unpleasant adventures during the trip, and without exciting the slightest suspicion of any one on the way as to the valuable nature of my cargo.

"At New Orleans I sold my doubloons to Laspier & Du Bois, bankers and brokers of that city, receiving in exchange an equivalent in American gold, amounting in the aggregate to $390,000. Purchasing English, French and German exchange with my money, I took passage for Liverpool on the first European-bound vessel, and after sojourning a while in my native town of Truro, I determined upon spending the balance of my days in wandering about the world, thus gratifying an ambition which had been my fondest dream from my early boyhood. Having journed, many times over, through every continent on the hemisphere, covering more consecutive miles in that manner than any other traveler in existence, I have temporarily given up my wandering, and with which I am becoming somewhat surfeited, and propose to seek rest among the scenes of my early manhood, which are still familiar to me, although thirty-one years have passed since I turned my back upon them, my heart deeply elated over this golden fortune which had so suddenly and wonderfully come into my hands."

The drift in which Stanhope found the Spanish treasure was not discovered until 1876, when two Irish prospectors—one of them Tom Shannon, well known in this region as the "Hero of Chickamauga"—broke into the cave after several years of fruitless search for an "opening," and took out of it a large fortune in mineral. The chest which contained the doubloons secured by Stanhope was found by Shannon, and occasioned unbounded surprise and no little speculation as to how it got there. The mystery has, of course, never been solved; but it is believed by Stanhope that the chest of treasure was stolen by some of De Soto's soldiers at the time he discovered and explored the Mississippi, and was secreted in the cave, the entrance to which had been blocked up by the alluvial deposits and changes of upwards of 300 years.

Bill Arp and His Dog.

Atlanta Constitution.

The other night about a dozen of the nabors' dogs came visiting to our house, and made such a racket that I got up and blazed away with a gun promiscuous, and the next morning there was a dead one in the front yard. That was bad for the dog and bad on our nabor, but it was good for us. The next night our dog went out visiting to return the calls, and came back with a bullet-hole through him, and I was glad of it, for I was feeling sorter mean about killing our nabor's dog, and so this helped to restore the equilibrium. Our dog laid around all day, and wouldn't die, and we doctored him as well as we could, and the next morning we couldn't find him anywhere. After a general hunt one of the boys said maybe he had got under the house and down in an old cellar that we didn't use; so we lifted up the trap-door in the back entry, and sure enough the dog was down there licking his wounds. We jumped down to see how he was getting on, and gave him some water and vittels, and while we were squatted down over him the cook woman came along from the kitchen, and was making for the pantry with a great big pan of hot water to wash the breakfast dishes. She didn't know the trap-door was open, and she couldn't see it for the dish-pan that was before her, and she is sorter near-sighted anyhow, and, of course she just walked right into the hole, and lit down on me and the boys and the dog with the hot water to boot, and she fell all over us before we could tell what it was that darkened the hole, and she come a screaming and hollering and praying to the Lord, and we all screamed and hollered, too, and the dog gave a yelp, and jumped out of the cellar, and all the women folks come a-running, and just such a rumpus never was raised in these parts before, and I hope will never be again. But after all there was nobody killed or wounded or scalded very much. The cook woman had to go home and get calm and serene and change her clothes and fix up, and me and the boys had a family reception and lots of hilarious commiseration, and the dog vacated that cellar for good, and I reckon the hot water cured him, for he is getting well. I haven't been able up to this time to discover the good that was in the tail end of the frolic, unless it is that the women folks ever and anon break out into such a fit of laughing they have to stop sewing and as "a good laugh helpeth digestion," I hope they won't need so much liver medicine for a season. They seem to sympathize with us a good deal, but I never did appreciate sympathy that was mixed up with so much one-sided hilarity.

Angels or Folks, Which?

Indiana Christian Advocate.

As that venerable servant of God, Father Taylor, the great sailor-preacher, was slowly approaching the close of his long and useful life, in one of the moments of ecstacy which are so often vouchsafed to the dying Christian, one standing near said: "The angels are hovering near." "I do not want angels, I want folks," said the bluff old preacher. In that he tersely expressed the preference of every man whose earthly ties have bound him to friends and kindred dear. But are not the angels who minister to us folks? Is not that a false interpretation of Scripture which assumes that the spirits who are interested in us are a separate order of beings, unconnected with us? They are folks in the spirit life, and they hover around us as our guardians, unperceived it may be, but not always unfelt. The angels who sat at the foot and the head of where the Savior had lain, were men. The angels who tarried with Lot were men, and so the Bible through. These angels are folks, and they are our own folks. That mother who has gone before, that husband, that wife, that child—are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation—to minister to us? They are not mere servants who have no interest in their wards but a perfunctory interest; they are drawn to us by that tie that death had not dissolved; they are folks, they are our own folks.

ALPINE GLACIERS.

A Scientific but Untechnical Explanation of Their Formation and Movements.

Prof. John Tyndall, in Youth's Companion.

Some years ago, I stood upon the roof of the great cathedral of Milan. The air over the plains of Lombardy was then as pure and transparent as it is here to-day. From the cathedral roof the snowy Alps are to be seen; and, on the occasion to which I refer, a light wind blew towards them.

When this air, so pure and transparent as long as the sunny plains of Lombardy were underneath to warm it, reached the cold Alps, and was tilted up their sides, the aqueous vapor it contained was precipitated into clouds of scowling blackness.

If you pour cold water into a tumbler on a fine, summer day, a dimness will be immediately produced by the conversion into water, on the outside surface of the glass, of the aqueous vapor of the surrounding air. Pushing the experiment still further you may fill a suitable vessel with a mixture of ice and salt, which is colder than the coldest water. On the hottest day in summer, a thick fur of hoar frost is thus readily produced on the chilled surface of the vessel.

The quantity of vapor which the atmosphere contains varies from day to day. In England, northeasterly winds bring us dry air, because the wind, before reaching us, has passed over vast distances of dry ground. Southwesterly winds, on the other hand, come charged with the vapor contracted during their passage over vast tracts of ocean. Such winds, in England, produce the heaviest rains.

And now we approach a question of very great interest. The condensed vapor which reaches the lowlands as rain, falls usually upon the summits as snow. To a resident among the Alps, it is interesting to observe, the morning after a night's heavy rain, a limit sharply drawn at the same level along the sides of the mountains, above which they are covered with snow, while below it no snow is to be seen. This limit marks the passage from snow to rain.

To the mountain snow all the glaciers of the Alps owe their existence. By ordinary mechanical pressure snow can be converted into solid ice; and, partly by its own pressure, partly by the freezing of infiltrated water, the snow of the mountains is converted into the ice of the glaciers.

The great glaciers, such as the one now below me, have all large gathering grounds, great basins or branches, where the snow collects and becomes gradually compacted to ice. Partly by the yielding of its own mass, and partly by sliding over its bed, this ice moves downward into a trunk valley, where it forms what De Saussure called "a glacier of the first order." Such a glacier resembles a river with its tributaries.

We may go further and affirm, with a distinguished writer on this subject, that "between a glacier and a river there is a resemblance so complete, that it would be impossible to find, in the latter, a peculiarity of motion which does not exist in the former."

It has been proved that, owing to the friction of its sides, which holds the ice back, the motion of a glacier is swiftest at its center; that, because of the friction against its bed, the surface of a glacier moves more rapidly that its bottom; that, when the valley through which the glacier moves is not straight, but curved, the point of swiftest motion is shifted from its center towards the concave side of the valley. All these facts hold equally good for a river.

Wide glaciers, moreover, are sometimes forced through narrow gorges, after which they widen again. At some distance below the spot where I now write, is the gorge of the Massa, through which, in former ages, the great Aletsch glacier was forced to pass, widening afterwards, and overspreading a large tract of country in its descent to the valley of the Rhone.

It is easy to understand that, with a substance like glacier ice, when some parts of it are held back by friction while other parts, not so restrained, tend to move forward, tensions must occur which will break up the ice, forming clefts or fissures, to relieve the strains. The crevasses of glaciers are thus produced.

CANADIAN INDIANS.

What a Jesuit Priest Says of Their Moral Condition.

C. H. Farnham, in August Harper.

"Was it not very difficult to give them Christian principles? How did you begin?"

"It was all very simple," said the priest; "it had to be simple, for an Indian of eighteen is not above a white child of six years. It was hard work for them to learn to read their own tongue; but a few learned to read and sing from manuscript books written in the characters of our printed alphabet. As they are exceedingly fond of music, and liked our melodies far better than their own dull chants, they at once took to copying these hymns. Music led them on till, finally, nearly all have learned to read their hymns and catechism now printed for them. They write a good many letters for me to carry from post to post. And in the woods they frequently give news and make appointments in the hunting-grounds by writing on birch bark which they put into a split stick erected on some frequented route. This primitive postal service is quite reliable, and brings me news often from even the most remote families; and you would be surprised at the delicacy and strength of sentiment in some of those letters. Their earliest literature, so to speak, is geography, very accurate maps of their country drawn on birch bark to guide the first traders and missionaries; some of them are still preserved by the Hudson Bay Company, at Montreal. But to return to their conversion, their progress was comparatively easy after they became interested in the hymns."

"What do you try to teach them?"

"Simply to read the hymns and catechism. Then our preaching is upon the most elemental duties and morality of Christians. They need nothing beyond this in their simple existence; in fact, they are with us so little, and have such slow minds, that it would be impracticable to do more. They cannot count even beyond ten, except by adding to ten, as ten-one, ten-two, etc."

"Do you find any difficulty in governing them?"

"None whatever, if they keep away from the whites. They are very obedient, and they worship the missionary as veritably the representative of God. And we have to be doctor and magistrate, as well as teacher and preacher to them. They take very easily the leading ideas of Christianity, and follow them pretty well; and they are very regular in their religious duties, even in the woods."

"But why don't you give them more of the material advantages of civilization and extend their education more?"

"That is scarcely practicable. They will not change their mode of life. The only way to help the Indian is to give him the simplest code of moral and religious conduct, make him feel the constant criticism of God even in his isolation, and then let him continue his natural life in the woods. They must be kept firmly under control, but only through kind and sympathetic relations, and through the influence of religious duties. I think that your Indians and every wild race should be governed peaceably by such means, instead of by armies and industrial civilization that they will not accept."

The winter life of these Montagnais is essentially the same as that of their heathen forefathers. They all start for the woods in August in their canoes, loaded down with provisions, etc. They travel slowly up the various rivers of the coast in companies to the far interior, there each family leaves its companions as it reaches its hunting-ground, and sets up its lodge on its ancestral domain. They spend a month or more preparing snow-shoes, toboggans, etc., for winter; then, as navigation closes, they put up their canoe and begin the winter's hunt. The game is too small and scarce to allow more than a family or two to live in a given locality, so the arctic winter passes in dreary isolation.

The Punishment Fitted the Crime.

Judge.

"The man is intolerably wicked and likewise insane," said the policeman to the police justice, pointing to his victim, a youth with a poetic cast of countenance.

"What is your reason for that conclusion, sir?" inquired his Honor.

"He not only writes campaign songs, but he sings them in the street."

"Ninety days," said his Honor, sternly.

"But, sir," said the man of blue cloth and brass buttons, "he writes and sings Cleveland-Thurman songs."

"Merciful heavens!" exclaimed his Honor, holding up his hands with horror. "Ninety years, and every one of them on bread and water."

A Lamp Where Ludwig Died.

London Figaro.

A fresh object of interest now awaits tourists at the Stamberg lake, for on the spot where the ill-fated King Ludwig of Bavaria was drowned a memorial pillar has been set up on which a star like lamp burns continuously, night and day. The number of visitors to the Bavarian highlands associated with the last and more romantic years of the late King's life is said to be growing most rapidly. Not only do the faithful Bavarians flock in thousands to gaze at the fairy-like palaces the ill-starred monarch erected, but tourists of all nations, especially English and Americans, are also finding their way to the grand scenes which now seem haunted by the memory of poor King Ludwig as by a phantom.

HEAT FROM ELECTRICITY.

A Cleveland Invention Which Is Expected to Take the Place of Fuel.

Cleveland Press.

On a small street in this city lives an inventive mechanic, who for years has spent his spare time in a little shop back of his house. In it electricity reigns supreme, and the owner has worked out the triumph of many hours of study. Models of almost every electrical apparatus known he has made for himself. In front hangs a powerful carbon light, while every corner is illuminated with soft, mellow incandescent bulbs, all made by himself and run by his own dynamos and engine. Miniature buzz-saws running so fast as to be almost invisible, electrical cars, phonographs, telephones, batteries and motors of all kinds, everything operated by electricity, turn this curiosity shop into a place where one feels the very influence of that subtle fluid on his body and even in his brain.

All these machines and toys are mere by-play to the great discovery of generating heat from electricity, on which he has been spending his lifetime. Under a cloth stood his invention, small, yet perfect and capable of generating heat enough to turn the shop-room into a regular Turkish bath. The inventor uncovered the machine and explained some of its workings, but the most important parts are still secret. "For years," he said, "I studied and experimented in vain. My first work was on the rule that from the result the cause would be produced. Following this theory I commenced on the electro-thermic battery, reasoning that if heat generated the electricity, by working backward heat could be made by electricity. For a long time I clung to this, but had finally to abandon it as practically impossible. Various other theories were tried, and many weary hours spent in study when I should have been resting from my day's work.

"Some of my experiments produced heat, but not in sufficient quantities to be of any benefit. Finally I started off on another tack and began a new line of reasonining. Heat is simply an accelerated motion to the molecules of a body which crowd out a larger space for themselves in their faster movements, and consequently cause the expansion noticed in a heated object. This heat is diffused by radiation, that is by imparting its motion to the adjoining molecules. This is the case either in a solid body or in fluid. Following up this theory I began experimenting with electricity as a means for causing an increased motion to the molecules of a body. The first thing necessary was to form a substance on which the electricity could act. Here it is."

An irregular-shaped piece of composition that looked like a lump of coke or carbon was disclosed to view. Wires connected at opposite ends of it, and that was all. The inventor pressed a button, and in an instant the mass gave forth a heat, not dry like a furnace, nor yet damp, but that pleasant warmth felt on a spring day, when the sun shines brightly and fairly invigorates a person after the cold days of winter. In the further corners of the room the heat evenly penetrated, and except when quite close the sound could not be noticed. The mass did not change color, nor present any different appearance when the current was shut off.

"The composition of that is the first secret," said the electrician as he broke the current, "and will be so as long as I can keep it. As you can see, it is principally carbon to conduct the electricity. By adding certain acids it can be melted and molded in any form desirable; in masses to put in grates, shaped like radiators, flat and placed under registers or whatever way wanted. I call it by a new name, carbodium. But here is the most important part of the whole thing: the machinery which gives motion to the molecules and generates heat in the carbodium. It consists of a device for making and breaking a strong current of electricity as is done in an electric door-bell. This, however, is made on an entirely different plan, and cost me two years of study. As it is not patented yet I don't wish the principle to become known, but it acts with inconceivable rapidity, in fact, so fast that placed in a circuit with electric lamps the light barely quivers. The current is intended to pass through this and in jerks to the carbodium. On that peculiar composition it has the effect first of producing the small amount of heat given by an electric light of two wires when crossed. This is sufficient to start the accelerated action of the molecules, which is then taken up by the electricity, coming in broken currents faster than the motion of the molecules themselves, and quickly causes an intense heat. From this simple outline and the test you see my invention is a success. It can be attached to the same wires which run an electric-light circuit, and does not require nearly as much power as a single light. Owing to the equal diffusion of the heat, one carbodium will warm half a dozen rooms. The apparatus itself costs very little. Of course a severe shock would be received if the carbodium were touched, but with the care given a carbon lamp no accident need result. I am engaged now in perfecting a new kind of insulation which will not wear off and which is entirely different from the covering used for wires at present. By dipping the wire in a peculiar kind of solution permanent insulation is secured, which makes it impossible to receive a shock even from the most powerful dynamo."

The inventor thinks his fortune is made, and he has secured moneyed men to back him, including a well-known and wealthy electrician of this city.

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

Reminiscences of the Steamboating Days that Are Gone Forever.

New Orleans Picayune.

The destruction of the splendid river steamer Edward J. Gay by fire Sunday night could furnish to the historian of steamboating on the Western waters a mournful episode to close the annals of a most brilliant and remarkable period in navigation. The era of steamboating on the Mississippi river was embraced in three-quarters of a century. In that time the slow-going, ill-constructed craft, modeled upon the plan of the ancient Ohio river arks, developed into the magnificent and majestic floating palaces of which the Gay was one of the last representatives.

Life on board those splendid and elaborately furnished steamers was, in the days before railways gridironed the continent, the realization of Oriental luxury. Nobody was in a hurry, and the lordly planters and wealthy merchants who traveled with their families on these great ships which navigated the mighty Father of Waters contrasted with the rude and uncouth wilderness upon its banks, and with the negro slaves who also made up a large proportion of the cargoes of these floating palaces assisted to form a strange and remarkable panorama of life in the heart of the new world.

There were hundreds of these great vessels, all vying with one another to present the most attractive features of comfort and luxury. On one of these boats might be found assembled, but not always associated, the most distinguished and celebrated men, the most beautiful and accomplished women, the most daring pioneers; the most desperate adventurers, with a due sprinkling of commonplace persons. Sometimes scenes of delightful festivity, desperate gambling, wild orgies of debauch and bloody crime might have taken place on one of these boats. They furnish material for the most startling dramas and the most gorgeous romance.

But the era of the rail and the wire dawned and the whole world became plunged into a vortex of hurry. The great river steamers began to decline in favor. They became fewer year by year, while the river craft developed into the most advantageous forms of freight carriers, swift and powerful tugs and low-lying barges. To-day at the wharves of New Orleans, where forty years ago there might have been seen at any moment a hundred of those great boats, gleaming white as colossal swans on the turbid river, balconied, latticed, and pinnacled like an Eastern palace, with a score of gay flags fluttering in the breeze and tall black towers belching inky smoke and vexing the blue sky with their murky vapors, there are now seldom more than two or three. In a short time there will be none, for they no longer seem to have a mission in the commerce of the West.

A TROPICAL SERPENT.

One of the Snakes That Adds Interest to Life in the West Indies.

Lafcadio Hearn, in August Harper.

There are eight varieties of him (the fer-de-lance), the most common being the gray speckled with black, precisely the color that enables the monster to hide himself among the roots of the trees by simply coiling about them and concealing his triangular head. Sometimes he is a beautiful flower yellow; then he may never be distinguished from the bunch of bright bananas among which he hangs coiled; or he may be a dark yellow, or a yellowish-brown, or the color of wine lees speckled with pink and black, or a perfect ash tint, or black with a yellow belly, or black with a rose belly—all hues of tropical mold, of old bark, of putrefying trees, of forest detritus. The iris of the eye is orange, with red flashes; at night it glows like incandescent charcoal.

And the fer-de-lance reigns absolute king over the mountains and the ravines; he is lord of the forests and the solitudes by day, and by night he extends his dominion over the public roads, the familiar paths, the parks, the pleasure resorts. People must remain at home after dark unless they dwell in the city itself; if you happen to be out visiting after sunset, only a mile from town, you friends will caution you anxiously not to follow the boulevard as you go back, and to keep as closely as possible to the very centre of the path. Even in the brightest noon you cannot venture to enter the woods unescorted; you cannot trust your eyes to detect danger; at any moment a seeming branch, a knot of lianas, a pink or gray root, a clump of pendent yellow fruit, may suddenly take life, writhe, swell, stretch, spring, strike. Then you will need aid indeed, and most quickly; for within the space of a few heart-beats the stricken flesh chills, tumefies softens, changes color, spots violaceously, and an icy coldness crawls through all the blood. If the physician or the panseur arrives in time, and no artery or vein has been directly pierced, there is hope; but the danger is not passed when the life has been saved. Necrosis of the tissues begins, the flesh corrupts, tatters, tumbles from the bone; and the colors of its putrefaction are frightful mockeries of the hues of vegetable death, of forest decomposition, the ghastly pinks and grays and yellows of rotting trunks and roots melting back into the thick, fetid clay that gave them birth. You molder as the trees molder; you crumble and dissolve as dissolves the substance of the balatas and the palms and the acomats; the Death-of-the Woods has seized upon you!

And this pestilence that walketh in darkness, this destruction that wasteth at noonday, may not be exorcised. Each female produces viviparously from forty to sixty young at a birth. The haunts of the creature are in many cases inaccessable, inexplorable; its multiplication is prodigious; it is only the surplus of its swarming that overpours into the cane fields, and makes the high-roads perilous after sunset, yet to destroy three or four hundred thanatophidia on a single small plantation during the lapse of twelve months has not been uncommon. The introduction of the mangouste (the ichneumon) may, it is hoped, do much toward protecting the workers in the cane fields and on the cocoa and coffee plantations; but the mangouste's powers are limited, and the ocean of death is illimitable.

THE HOME OF THE DIAMONDS.

The De Beers Mine, the Scene of the Recent Terrible Disaster.

New York Times.

The De Beers mine disaster in the South African diamond fields, by which twenty-four whites and 200 natives perished, as reported in cable dispatches from Cape Town, via London, has awakened fresh interest among those who deal in the most valuable of precious stones. By far the greatest portion of the diamonds now obtained come from the mines of South Africa, which were discovered near Hopetown, in 1867, by some Dutch children. The mines are situated in Griqualand west, now a part of Cape Colony, in latitude 28° 40′, longitude 25° 10′ east, about 640 miles northeast of Cape Town and 500 miles from the sea coast. Although they are at an elevation of nearly 4,000 feet above the sea level, the heat is excessive during the summer months when the work is principally carried on.

According to the first report of the terrible calamity it was "the De Beers coal mine, at Kimberley," had caught fire. The manifest error in regard to the character of the mine was not corrected in subsequent dispatches, but the cause of the fatal fire was explained in this way: "While the shifts were being changed the hauling-wire broke and the ship rushed down the shaft with frightful rapidity. The oil lamps were broken and the blazing fluid quickly ignited the wooden casing of the shaft. Flames in great volumes shot up the shaft, completely preventing egress. The mine was soon filled with smoke, and the lights carried by the miners were rendered useless. The panic-stricken natives and whites, in their efforts to escape, became massed together in the galleries and were suffocated to death.

The superintendent of the De Beers mine is Gardener F. Williams, of Oakland, Cal. He went to South Africa on his second trip in the latter part of 1886. He is a regular correspondent of George F. Kunz, Tiffany & Co.'s gem expert and mineralogist. A Times reporter talked with Mr. Kunz last evening and obtained from him some interesting facts about the De Beers mines.

The mine covers 13½ acres, or 610 claims, each 31 feet square, with a roadway of 15 feet between each claim. The mines were originally worked in individual claims, 3,143 in number, and each 31 feet square, with a roadway 7½ feet wide between each pair of claims. These small claims are now consolidated into about ninety large companies and private firms, having a gross capital of nearly $50,000,000. There are four large mines, all within a radius of a mile and a half. The celebrated Kimberley covers seven and a half acres. Thirty-three million carats (over six and a half tons) of diamonds have already been taken out, valued in the rough at £45,000,000, and, after cutting, at £90,000,000. The absorption of the smaller by the larger companies is constantly going on, and it is proposed to consolidate all the companies into one. Ten thousand natives, each receiving £1 a week, are employed in the mines under the supervision of 1,200 European overseers. The enormous sum of over £1,000,000 is annually expended for labor.

This mammoth investment of European capital would have been more profitable to the shareholders were it not for the thievishness of the native diggers, who, instigated by the vicious whites that congregate on the field, at one time stole and disposed of from one-fifth to one-fourth of the entire yield. More improved methods of surveillance, recently introduced, have diminished this loss. None but authorized agents are permitted to purchase or possess rough diamonds, and a large detective force is on the alert to prevent any infringement of the rules. A record is now kept of every diamond found. The thieves have been caught making chickens swallow diamonds in the mine, and a post-mortem held on one of the natives who died suddenly revealed the fact that his death was caused by a 60-carat diamond which he had swallowed.

According to the latest official reports there were employed in the De Beers mine 394 whites and 2,785 natives. Of the latter 300 were hired from the government at a cost of £58 per annum. Formerly the natives were allowed to leave the mines, but owing to the fraudulent traffic carried on 2,300 of them were last year compounded. They practically lived in the mines, and were better off than those who had their freedom. The old system of open workings has been to a great extent abandoned for the shaft and the underground plan. Under the original method the excavations were carried on to a depth of 500 feet. There were many accidents owing to the falling shale or reef. A rock shaft is completed to a depth of 841 feet and taps low levels. During the last year over 21,621 feet of main tunnel were driven. There is one shaft of 791 feet, another of 477 feet, and a third of 125 feet. As many as eighteen tribes of natives have been represented in the mines. Some of the natives have been known to tramp a thousand miles to get work.

Last year 890,000 loads of "blue stuff" were hauled out of the mines and 850,906 loads yielded 979,732¼ carats of diamonds, for which the company received £894,085 14s. 6d. The actual expenditure was £415,188, leaving a profit of £568,897. The De Beers mine is capitalized at £2,500,620¼ in ten-pound shares. These were quoted as high as £52 last month, and since then have slumped to £30 and advanced again to £39. It is the opinion of Mr. Kunz that the recent accident will cause another decline in shares. From Sept. 1, 1882, to Dec. 31, 1887, the De Beers mine yielded 344,015 carats, valued at £3,450,338, an average of £1 ½d. per carat. This includes everything taken from the mine. In the beginning of the enterprise the mine produced 4-10 carat per load, but last year the yield was 8-10 carat per load, a significant increase.

Water flows from the mine at the rate of 5,500 gallons per hour and at the rate of 1,200 gallons from the rock shaft. There are nine big washing machines in use, which are more reliable than the hand or eyes. It is so accurate that a diamond the size of a pin head cannot escape.

An Issue Which Concerns Colored Men.

Indiana Christian Advocate.

Only one other well-defined and sharp issue of vital importance is in this canvass—the right to vote and have that vote counted. As a rule, that right is respected in the North. A few Democrats tried to introduce the Democratic policy in our local elections two years ago, but they wish they had not done it. Democratic citizens helped to bring the matter before a grand jury on which were Democrats, and before a trial jury, a part of whom were Democrats, and a Democratic district attorney, assisted by a Democratic lawyer of ability, sent them to a penitentiary managed by Democrats—all, however, over the protest of pure Democratic politicians. In the South it is otherwise. There no pretense to a fair vote and a fair count is made, and even the religious press justifies this. To such an extent has this been carried that in Georgia one vote counts as much as seventeen in Indiana in the election of Congressmen or a President. Not knowing, or caring, how others may regard this, we hold it as paramount to every other question before the people of this Nation, and we are free to say that the war is not ended, and never will be till this wrong is righted. Now, if these colored brethern like the attitude of the Democratic party on this issue better than that of the Republican party, they ought to go with them. It is not a question of color but a question of manhood. It does not affect one race alone.

Respected the Government Mules.

Detroit Free Press.

"Talking of mules," said Capt. John S. Loud, "I was riding with a party of ladies and children in a government ambulance from Fort McKinney to Douglas, when at a turn of the road a cowboy came galloping into sight, holding a revolver in each hand, and firing as he ran. My driver had a four-in-hand team, and the first thing I knew the leaders were looking me in the face and we were all twisted up in a heap. As the fellow saw that it was a United States military party he drew up and pocketed his revolvers. Then making a half-defiant, half-shamed bow toward the wreck, he said: 'Ef I'd a knowd them was government critters I wouldn't hev fired. I'd hate awfully to skeer a United States mule.'"

IN A CONNING TOWER.

What One Man's Hand Controls on Board of a Man o' War.

Murray's Magazine.

Here in this spot is concentrated the whole power of the tremendous machine which we call an ironclad ship.

Such power was never till the world began concentrated under the direction of man, and all that power, the judgment to direct it, the knowledge to utilize it, is placed in the hands of one man, and one only.

What is the power?

Talk of Jove with his thunderbolts, of Nasmyth with his hammer! the fables of mythology and the facts of the latter-day science! where has there ever been anything to compare to it? Here in the conning tower stands the captain of the ship, and beneath his feet lie hidden powers which the mind can scarcely grasp, but which one and all are made subservient to his will, and his will alone. Picture him as he stands at his post before the battle begins; all is quiet enough, there is scarcely a sound save lapping of the water against the smooth, white sides of the iron-clad, and no outward sign of force save the ripple of the parted waters falling off on either side of the ram as it sheers through the water. But mark that white thread escaping from the steam-pipe astern, fleecy vapor rising into the air and nothing more!

But what does it mean? It means that far down below, some thirty glowing furnaces are roaring under the blast of steam; that in the great cylindrical boilers the water is bubbling, surging, struggling, as the fierce burning gases pass through the flues; and that the prisoned steam, tearing and thrusting at the tough sides of the boilers, is already raising the valves and blowing off at a pressure of 100 pounds. It means that the captain in his conning tower has but to press the button by his side, and in a moment the four great engines will be driving the twin screws through the water with the force of 12,000 horse-power, and that the great ship with the dead weight of 12,000 tons will be rushing onward at a speed of over twenty miles an hour.

In her turret and in her broadside batteries there is a deep hush of expectation; but there, too, waiting to respond to the "flash of the will that can," lie forces of destruction which appal the imagination.

Far down below our feet, in the chambers of the great guns, lie the dark masses of the powder charges. A touch, a spark, and in a sheet of flame, and with the crash of thunder the steel shot will rush from their muzzles, speeding on their way 2,000 feet in a second, and dealing their blow with the impact of 60,000 foot-tons—5,000 pounds weight of metal discharged by one touch of the captain's hand. Nor is this all; another touch and another signal will liberate the little clips which detain the four Whitehead torpedoes in their tubes. A puff of powder, a click as the machinery is started, and the two screws are set off whirling, and with a straight, silent plunge the long steer torpedoes will dive into the water, and at the appointed depth will speed on their way thirty miles an hour on their awful errand of destruction. Move that switch, and through the dark wall of the night a long straight beam will shoot forth with the radiance of forty thousand candles, turning the night into day.

A word spoken through that tube will let loose the hailstorm of steel and lead from the quick-firing and machine guns on the upper deck and in the tops. A discharge of shot and shell, not to be counted by tons or scores, but by hundreds and thousands, a storm before which no living thing can stand, and under which all but the strongest defenses will wither and melt away like a snow bank under an April shower.

And last and most terrible of all, there is one other force ready to the captain's hand—a force the sum of all others, and which, if rightly utilized, is as irresistible as the swelling of the ocean tide or the hand of death. By your side and under your hand are the spokes of the steam steering wheel; far forward under the swirling wave which rises round the ship's cut-water lies the ram, the most terrible, the most fatal of all the engines of maritime warfare. It is the task of the hand which turns that little wheel to direct the fearful impact of the ram.

Think what the power confided to one man's hand must be; 12,000 tons of dead weight driven forward by the frantic energy of 12,000 horse power, plunging and surging along through the yielding waves at a speed of ten feet in every second, and with a momentum so huge that the mathematical expression which purports to represent it to the mind conveys no idea to an intelligence incapable of appreciating a conception so vast. To receive a blow from the ram is death, the irretrievable catastrophe of a ship's career. To deliver such a blow is certain victory. It is with the captain, and the captain alone, as he stands here in the conning tower, that the responsibility of inflicting or encountering this awful fate lies.

Now you will understand what I mean when I say that never since the world began have such forces been placed in the hands of a single man, whose eye alone must see the opportunity, whose judgment alone must enable him to utilize it, and whose hand alone must give effect to all that his courage, his wisdom and his duty prompt.

AN HOUR WITH DUMAS.

The Novelist's Opinion of Women—He Keeps Thirty Goose-Quill Pens Ready for Action.

Pall Mall Budget.

"Well, what are you going to talk about? Literature?" said M. Dumas. "By all means. And begin by saying why you are so hard on your contemporaries, old and young." "Because I am surrounded by chefs-d'œuvre. Everybody has written one and wants you to know it. Chefs-d'œuvre are not so plentiful as that. One may deem himself fortunate if, in a lifetime, he writes one good thing. Take the inventory of a century and see what you find—the eighteenth, for instance. Diderot, two novels, 'Gil Blas' and 'Manon Lescaut;' two plays, 'Le Mariage de Figaro' and Le Barbier;' a few comedies by Marivaux; some extracts from Voltaire—and that is all. Why, everybody can write. Nothing is more common than literature. But the pretty phrases mean nothing. It is action—great initiatives—I want, though they demolish great beliefs."

"It is a cause of very legitimate pride with the men of America," said Le Cocq de Lantieppe, of the Critic, "that their countrywomen have proved that a liberal education and personal judgment are the best and safest prompters in the choice of a husband." "Pooh, pooh—a woman marries a man because she likes him, or doesn't marry him if she does not; that's the beginning and the end of their analysis. I am surrounded by women, now mothers and grandmothers, whom I knew as girls. I have been able to observe very closely how much is implied by marriage. The day that woman is given the same rights and privileges as man, she will despise him. Until that time she is dependent on him. What is more farcial than the institution called marriage? * * * Women regard it as a liberator. It prefixes 'Madame' to their names and takes them away from papa and mamma, of whom they are no doubt very fond, but whom they are delighted to leave. For some it insures the gratification of maternal instincts; nothing else."

Intimate friends climb two flights of a fine old oaken staircase to the study of the dramatist, where the eye is gratified with a mass of pictures and books. In the middle of this well-lighted room is an immense writing-table laden with letters, papers, books, and a stand for penholders, where bristle as many as thirty yellow goose-quills. Dumas will have nothing to do with the prosaic steel pen nor the aristocratic gold pen, and the legibility of his chirography suffers somewhat in consequence. Next to this study is the author's bedroom. Here again are pictures and other objects of art, a beautiful set of Sevres and Saxe being especially noticeable on the mantel-piece. The bed is low and wide, with a spring and hair mattress. The only luxurious things in the room are objects of art.

Dumas is an early riser. He is out of bed at 6:30 in summer and 7 in winter. After dressing, he goes to his study, where he lights his own fire, reads his letters, receives his friends, and works a little. He does not read the papers, for he generally hears the news before it gets into the journals. His first breakfast consists of a glass of cold milk; the second, which occurs at noon, is a very plain meal. After eating, Dumas works until about 4, when he goes out for a promenade. He walks rapidly, with head erect, rolling his shoulders a little. He dines at 6, and goes to bed between 10 and 11. Dumas is a light eater, but a heavy sleeper. He needs from eight to nine hours of repose. He enjoys exercise, and plays billiards with this in view. He is very orderly. I have seen him more than once, feather-duster in hand, employed in dusting his study; at another time I have found him in his shirt-sleeves, aided by a servant, changing the place of a piece of furniture. It is on Sunday that he especially indulges in this house-cleaning mania. He is often assisted on these occasions by his godson—a young man of forty!—who is as much attached to Dumas as a son would be.

Alexandre Dumas does not believe that young girls should enjoy much liberty. His two daughters were never allowed to go to the theater or to balls. Up to the day of her marriage Mlle. Callette had gone to but one evening party, and but twice to the theater, on both of which occasions tragedies were played. But since she has become a mother Mme. Lippmann goes everywhere, reads everything, sees everything. She copies her father's manuscripts, and frequently criticises them, and the father often profits by the observations of his daughter.

A Tiny Traveler.

San Francisco Chronicle.

Among the passengers who arrived on the overland train, yesterday afternoon, was a little girl nine years old. Her appearance was very attractive and would invite more than a passing glance from the least observing. A large wide-awake straw-hat shaded a high, white forehead, over which fell dark, glossy hair, which hung in wavy ringlets to her shoulders. Two large black eyes, a straight nose, cherry lips and sunburnt cheeks made up a face of exquisite loveliness. Her dress was covered with a gingham apron, on which was pinned a card bearing the inscription: "Maud Steele, Crescent City, California." The little tot had traveled from Cedar Falls, Minn., where her parents had formerly lived. Her mother had died when Maud was quite young and her father was accidentally killed some months ago. The people of Cedar Falls, learning that she had an aunt living in Crescent City, Del Norte county, California, made up a purse for her, and placing her in charge of the conductor of the train, started her out on her long journey. She was transferred from one conductor to another, and from train to train, until she arrived here, yesterday, under the protecting wing of transfer agent Kent, who will send her to her aunt. The little orphan says that she enjoyed the trip, and that every one she met was very kind to her.

RATTLESNAKE VENOM.

Method by Which It Is Safely Extracted from the Dangerous Serpents.

Forest and Stream.

The snake is seized a short distance behind the head by means of a staff having at its end a thong of leather passing over the end and through a staple, and this is tightened or loosened, as occasion may require, by means of a string extending up the handle. It has been found necessary not to confine the snake's head too tightly, as otherwise it cannot be induced to strike. The head being secured, a stick having its end covered with absorbent cotton is pressed against the snake's mouth, and it is teased until sufficiently irritated to strike its fangs into the cotton, which receives the venom and obviates any danger to the fangs, as it has been found in allowing snakes to strike against a saucer the fangs are frequently broken off. Generally a snake will strike three or four times very viciously and then relapse into sullen apathy. We have in vain endeavored to procure venom from our snakes by pressing over the poison glands, but this has been unsuccessful except in one instance unless the snake was chloroformed, and if this is done the reptile generally succumbs within a few days. This fact is mentioned as it has been learned through the public prints that some experimenters in a neighboring city have succeeded in squeezing out the venom while the snake was active.

The quantity of venom obtained from different individuals varies greatly. From a large rattler, weighing perhaps three or four pounds, our first attempt resulted in securing about fifteen drops of venom after the reptile had struck three times; but if the process is repeated every day or two but a very small quantity is obtained. The smaller snakes give a much smaller quantity. The cotton, after having received its charge of venom, was removed from the stick and washed out carefully in glycerine, and by measuring the quantity of this substance first, and then after the venom has been added, we were able to tell accurately the strength of the solution, which consisted of eight drams of chemically pure glycerine and one dram of the venom. This is the preparation which was used in all the experiments, and it is called glycerine-venom. One fact should be stated as bearing upon the popular belief that snakes, if kept from water, are not poisonous. It was found that by keeping the rattlers without water for a week or two, the quantity of venom was materially smaller than when we allowed them free access to water, and that the color of the venom, which was yellowish-green when no fluid was supplied, became much lighter in color when they had freely drunken. We have never been able to induce our rattlesnakes to eat, although they have been tempted with a variety of food, but water they consume largely.

When the present supply of rattlers was first received, it was a very easy matter to grasp any one of them behind the neck with a snake-staff; but experience has taught them that they must do something against their will, and now it is quite difficult to secure them, and even when secured it is difficult to make them strike; in fact, one specimen is now so tame that it may be handled with impunity, and it is the writer's belief that a rattler, if carefully and tenderly handled, will not bite the hand that grasps it. It is believed the Moqui Indians are aware of this, and it enables them to handle with impunity the venomous snakes used in their fearful dance, so well described by Capt. John G. Bourke, U. S. A. Many persons suppose that the fangs of a rattler once removed the reptile is harmless for all time, or that at least a year is required to replace the fangs. This is an error, for the writer has in his possession a rattler in which the fangs were twice replaced after an interval of three weeks only. As the rattler doubtless knows when the contents of the poison gland is exhausted, as is evidenced by his refusal to bite after two or three efforts, he probably also knows that it is useless to show fight when the fangs have been removed, and this has been practically tried on one of our snakes. She continues to coil and rattle, but no matter how much teased and irritated, makes no attempt to bite.

An interesting fact has been noticed during the portant to record. It is that the rattler does not invariably use both fangs in striking, the muscular movement of either side of the jaw being quite independent of the other, and quite at the will of the reptile. The practical bearing of this point is that occasionally in snake bite but one puncture will be found, and some doubt might exist if this was really due to the serpent's fangs or not. Another point of interest lies in the fact that if only one fang is plunged into the tissues, the patient will not have received so large a dose of the venom as if both teeth had been used, and a more favorable prognosis can be made.

Mrs. Amelie Rives-Chanler.

New York Sun.

It is well known that the Harpers have one and possibly two stories of Mrs. Rives-Chanler locked up in their safe-deposit vault, but they don't seem to be in a hurry to print. St. Nicholas has another story of hers, and the Century, too, but they are probably waiting for "The Quick and the Dead" to blow over. Nevertheless, there was keen competition among the publishers for Mrs. Rives-Chanler's next novel, and although the published price she was said to have accepted for it, $30,000, is absurdly exaggerated, she yet got several thousand dollars, about four times as much as any American novelist that can be mentioned.

The story that Thomas Nelson Page first encouraged her to write, examined her manuscripts, or had anything, in short, to do with her in a literary way, is a mistake. They are not even personally acquainted.

Mrs. Rives-Chanler is of a very indolent turn, and when she is not hard at work at her writing desk is generally lolling in bed. Some guests invited to visit at Castle Hill were quite disappointed at discovering that the young genius found her bed and a novel so entertaining that she could scarcely be persuaded to leave them. Her usual outdoor dress in the country is a Tam O'Shanter cap, a blue shirt laced up the front, a very short corduroy skirt, and boots. She is short, but pretty. Her sister Gertrude is also a beauty, and there is a young one of fourteen or fifteen coming on who will, it is thought, throw both her sisters in the shade.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is a tremendous admirer of Mrs. Rives-Chanler, and wrote the managers of Lippincott's Magazine as follows: "What a great story Amelie Rives wrote you! The best of all your novels! I think her the greatest living woman to-day!"

Capacity of Locomotives.

M. N. Forney, in August Scribner.

The capacity of a locomotive to draw loads is dependent on the adhesion, and this is in proportion to the weight or pressure of the driving-wheels on the rails. The adhesion also varies somewhat with the weather and the condition of the wheels and rails. In ordinary weather it is equal to about one-fifth of the weight which bears on the track; when perfectly dry, if the rails are clean, it is about one-fourth, and with the rails sanded about one-third. In damp or frosty weather the adhesion is often considerably less than a fifth.

It would, then, seem as though all that is needed to increase the capacity of a locomotive to draw loads would be to add to the weight on its driving-wheels, and provide engine power sufficient to turn them—which is true. But it has been found that if the weight on the wheels is excessive both the wheels and rails will be injured. Even when they are all made of steel, they are crushed out of shape or are rapidly worn if the loads are too great. The weight which rails will carry without being injured depends somewhat on their size, but ordinarily from 12,000 to 16,000 pounds per wheel is about the greatest load which they should carry.

For these reasons, when the capacity of a locomotive must be increased beyond a limit indicated by these data, one or more additional pairs of driving-wheels must be used.

Beats the Record.

Bellefonte (Pa.) Special.

Center county thus far beats the record for the largest number of votes that will be cast this fall by single families for the same political candidates. Beside the cases already reported, the news now comes that Mr. Isaac Gingher, of Milesburg, his seven sons, his three sons-in-law and three grandsons, have declared their intention to vote unitedly for Harrison. Fourteen votes from one family for the same candidates beats the record.

William and the Pope.

Chicago Mail.

The Pope has congratulated Emperor William on the birth of a son. It is a pity William can't return the compliment.

WOMEN WERE WORTH MORE.

Feminine Experience in Striking a Bargain with a Nantucket Fisherman.

New York Post Letter.

He put down his dipper and said, with impressive deliberation, that it wa'n't his habit to take women out, but when he did break through his habit, he was 'bleeged to charge more.

"Why?" I asked sharply.

"Sence you arsk me," he replied, "I'll give you a few of my reasons. It's wuth more, to begin with," putting on his logical air. "They have petticoats on, natcherly, and them petticoats, when they ain't a ketchin' into hooks and tackle, are a swishin' into the water in the bottom of the boat, and every time they ketch on, and every time they swish, the wearers on 'em give a little yell. The best kind of a woman I ever took out fishin' was one that was sick from fust to last, and had to lay on a blanket on deck every blessed minute on her back. When we'd once got her down, there wa'n't no more trouble with her. But they gen'ally ain't sick enough for that. Some of 'em ain't sick at all and them's the wust kind. They fling around the lines, and knot 'em up, and make the boat lurch, and allers have their heads in the way when the sail is changed, and they yell when the fish come in, and call 'em slimy, horrible things; and they are mad if you don't ketch the biggest fish that ever swum, and they think its your own cussedness if the wind isn't right, and—but I dunno's I need to go on. I shall lose my temper if I do, and I guess if you don't see now why it's wuth more to take women, I don't think I can make you see it."

His eloquence had swept over me scathingly, and I was obliged to give myself time to recover before I asked if it were customary on the island to charge more when women went out in a boat. I was willing he should have the regular rates, and no more—I had no fear lest the regular rates should not be enough.

"Wall, no, 'twa'n't customary; but it ought to be."

"The price is a dollar an hour usually, isn't it?" I questioned relentlessly.

Bob Dunn looked baffled and annoyed, as well as a man with that kind of a face could look that way. He grunted assent to the price I had mentioned.

"Do you want to take a party of three out at that price," I next asked, "and two of them women?"

"Durn'd if I do!" was his forcible reply.

I rose from lounging on the sand and began making my way up towards the bluff. When I had gone half the distance, Mr. Dunn's voice asked loudly if I wouldn't make it a dollar'n' a quarter an hour. I did not even turn back. In another moment the same voice said explosively that I might call it a dollar then, and when did we want to go?

I retraced my steps. In ten minutes it was arranged that we would start at 9 the next morning. The man's last words as I left him were that "women were wuth more, anyway."

What a Duke Costs England.

London Letter in Manchester Guardian.

Mr. Summers has drawn the facts as to the annual payments from public funds to the Duke of Cambridge, and if Mr. Bright's motion, made in 1850, had been carried, his Royal Highness would, for the last twenty-five years, have received less by £6,741 a year. That is to say, if Mr. Bright's motion, which was largely supported, had been adopted, the public treasury would have been better off, with interest, by about £250,000. But the inquirers have not yet quite got to the bottom of this subject. The statement in the army estimates that the salary of £6,632 is personal to the Duke means something more than Mr. Goschen admitted, because the colonelcy of the Grenadier Guards, with an endowment of £2,000, is one of those honorary colonelcies which Sir George Trevelyan used to designate as a "horrid scandal." There are two proposals which might fairly be made, both in the interests of economy. The commander-in-chief may see the propriety of ceasing to draw the salary of the colonelcy, and the House of Commons may deem it advisable to accept a resolution affirming that parliamentary provisions, such as that of £12,000 a year enjoyed by the Duke, should be treated as pensions, and that the amount of any official pay received by the holder should be deducted, as in the case of a pension. The executive government would then have to take the needful steps to give effect to this wholesome decision.

The Catholics and Temperance.

Boston Transcript.

Clerical faces are common on the street to-day, called together by the convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union; and yet the majority of the delegates to this convention are by no means clergymen. A good many people seem surprised—though they certainly ought not to be surprised at this late date [illegible] temperance agitation—to find that there is so much vigorous opposition to saloon influence among the Catholic population. It is a fact, which nobody ought to forget, that in this part of the country at least the Catholics furnish a large majority of the members of total abstinence organizations. The convention, as it passed through the city this morning on the way to the church, certainly showed itself to be a fine body of men. Most of the members are rather young men, and sturdy men too, who look as if they represented a body which means what it says on the temperance question. Total abstinence under church auspices seems to be a queer subject for a torchlight procession, but there isn't really any inappropriateness in it. Anti-abstinence has been painting the town red long enough, the abstainers say; why should not we take a hand at it? The boys succeeded last night, in spite of the rain. What ranks upon ranks of handsome boys, pledged to rigid temperance, had their part in this procession. It was a cheering sight to see them.

She Wanted Tea.

New York Special.

It seems that Catharine Gaffney, who fell heir to $100,000 by the death of her bachelor brother in Chicago, was in the Blackwell's Island (N. Y.) Almshouse when found.

"Is there anything you want?" asked the lawyer, when he had informed her of her good fortune.

"Yes," she answered quickly; "some tea. I only want plenty of tea."

"Well, you shall have all you can drink," said Mr. Stillwell, handing her $5.

"Oh, no; not all that. Fifty cents will be enough," she said, pushing the money away.